The New Unity

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The Christmas Joy.

The dear delightful Christmas hour
Draws nigh with merry cheer;
It comes with love's persuasive power—
To show our heaven is here;
A little child prepares the way
This truth of joy to prove,
And lo! for us on Christmas day
The paradise of love!

—William Brunton.

Fatherhood.

He took his first-born in his arms,
Nor knew the earth he trod,
For pressing close the tiny form
He felt akin to God.

Pride, hope, foreboding in his heart
Met lovingly in strife,
As came the vision of the path
We call "The Way of Life."

Yet, holding close his first-born child,
Celestial roads he trod;
And, gazing in that baby face,
He *was* akin to God.

—Althea A. Ogden.

Christmas Morn.

How many Christs are born today!
How many mothers prophet-wise
Are gazing into baby eyes,
In whose clear depths they thoughtful see
All they may ever see, or we
Of God—incarnate Deity.

Madonnas hallow every home,
O'er every roof where babies are
Shines high and pure a guiding star,
And mother-hearts do always hear
Divinest music ringing clear.
And peace and love, good will on earth
Are born with every baby's birth.

—Anna H. Frost.

A Father to His Child.

My little boy in his mother's arms, looks out over the great, wide, peaceful sea, and holds out his hands and smiles. The quiet sunlit sea smiles in return. It is the meeting of the small and the infinite. The ragged coast shows where the sea has torn the great ridges down to make new ridges for the evening of the world. Before these mighty cliffs appeared, the sea rolled far over them. Ages back of that the sun saw other lands where now they stand. And over all the earth the same great sea has come and gone at will. Continents have lived at its pleasure; the sky is not more enduring. Through the long ages countless little children have looked out over the water.

They lived and died. What were their names? Where are they now? But the great star-worshiping sea is the same. Do not shrink back, little boy, your mother holds you safe. If you could understand it all you would pity the great cold sea. All those countless ones have made a heritage for you. Yours is the priceless privilege of adding to the store of others who, long after you are forgotten, will stare out of their wide clear eyes upon that same unchanged, unbettered waste of waters. My little boy, your mother's arms are around you. Tho' the sum of your days is small you know of human love. One day you will know it as the key that unlocks the mystery of our living; the only reason, and a blessed reason, for our being. Dear little boy, you and the sea are the small and the infinite. And the sea is small and you are infinite.

William Kent.

A Christmas Carol.

Hail to the birthday of Jesus the King!
Sing, little children, joyfully sing!
Long ago, watching their flocks in the night,
Wondering shepherds beheld a new light:—
High in the glorious heavens afar,
Signal of joy, shone a beautiful star;
Gazed they enraptured, by hope and fear torn,
Till angel voices sang: "Hail! Christ is born!"

Far from the eastward the three wise men came,
Led, as the prophets foretold, by a flame.
In the low manger, fair, undefiled,
Found they the father, the mother, the child;
Hailed they with gladness the first Christmas day,
When love was born on the earth to hold sway.

So when each year its wide circle has told,
To us is repeated the story of old:
Father love, mother love, love of the child
In the heart's manger find place undefiled;
For here today, not less than of old,
The beautiful Bethlehem story is told,
And in each heart on the glad Christmas morn
The heavenly love of the Christ-child is born.

So, little children, joyfully sing—
Hail the glad birthday of Jesus the King!

—Lydia Avery Coonley.

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

"Now, child, altho thou be comen of God,
And be God, thyself, in thy manhood,
Yet I know that in thy childhood
Thou wilt for sweet-meat look.
To pull down apples, pears and plums,
Old Joseph shall not need to hurt his thumbs,
Because thou hast not plenty of crumbs,
I give thee here my nut hook."
—From an old Chester play of the early 15th Century.

Merry Christmas!!

Yes, dear friends of THE NEW UNITY band, we greet you in the spirit of the season. Laying aside our cares and anxieties, forgetting the weariness and perplexities, rising above the things that divide, we greet you in the spirit of Merry Christmas.

But to be merry we must be thoughtful. We like the Christmas that is Christian but we like better the Christmas that is human. Christianity is a great estate but humanity is a greater. The Mother and Christ-child appeal profoundly to the human heart but none the less profoundly should the Father and Christ-child. Mary may represent the ideality of the Christian church but it takes Mary and Joseph to represent the ideality of universal religion and so if dedications are in order, we dedicate this Christmas number to Father Joseph, such a one as the great master artist has given us in our frontispiece, a thoughtful, strong, loving father. The Nazarene carpenter? Yes; but not only the Nazarene carpenter.

In striving after a symbol of universal devotion and love may not our Christmas spirit quiet somewhat the rather pugilistic tendencies of the hour? Let our prayer still be for "peace on earth" not for "war with England." Not the "Monroe Doctrine" for America but the "Monroe Doctrine" for the world. If England, still keeping up the old aggressiveness, violates the law of love which protects the weak and defends the inefficient, let the United States appeal be not to the arbitrament of battle but to the conscience of the world. Let it ask the nations of the globe to join with it in asking England to arbitrate a mooted question. Justice need never fear arbitration. If England refuses, then let England make war not with the United States but with the enlightened conscience and the larger justice of the civilized world.

But we will not mar our Christmas greeting with even a peace thought that may lead to disputations. Some other time these discussions will be in order, but this time we greet the world in the world inclusive strain of the great chant of universal religion,

"PEACE ON EARTH,
GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

THE December number of *The New World* contains tempting articles on the "Anabaptists" by W. E. Griffis, "Tito Melema" by Julia H. Gulliver of the Rockford College of Rockford, Ill., and "The Tendencies of Thought in Modern Judaism" by David Philipson and much other matter to commend it to the thoughtful. There is no better intellectual provender offered than that in the pages of *The New World*.

IF the University of Chicago put its publication ability into the "*Biblical World*," the faculty of Columbia College expresses itself most fully in its "*Political Science Quarterly*." The December number completes its tenth year of existence and the retrospect here offered is a most flattering one. To those who may choose to avoid the formidable figures, the articles on "Liquor Legislation in Endland" or "Geography and Sociology" will attract and edify.

THE sympathy of all our readers will go out to the Rev. Seward Baker of Sterling to whom befell a horrible accident last week. In leaving a moving train near his home he was drawn under the wheels and so mangled as to necessitate the amputation of both his feet. He has recovered the first shock of amputation and his recovery is expected. The Peoples Church under his charge was in a most interesting condition of growth and hopefulness and we trust even yet his ministry may continue and the bright hopes awakened be realized.

THE *Journal of the Maha-bodhi Society* published in Calcutta under the editorial management of the serene and winning Dharmapala of gracious memory to those who attended the Parliament of Religions, for November and December, a double number has arrived. The pages bristle with missionary zeal, a zeal for kindness and love. Its motto bids its messengers to "wander forth for the gain of the many, the welfare of the many, in compassion for the world, for the good. * * * Proclaim the doctrine glorious! Preach ye a life of holiness, perfect and pure." And is not this our Christmas refrain?

"THE IDEAL CHURCH,"—this is the title of an attractive local paper issued by the Unitarian Church of Madison. This is not only a good name for a paper but it is the only church worth working for or preaching for. It is not the business of religion now to stop with expediencies but to hold high forever the banner of the ideal. Failure in its pursuit is far more glorious than success in the pursuit of any intermediate good. Alas, for the minister or the church that feels called upon to build half way houses in religion, or to ask what ought I to do before I begin to work, pray for and teach the ideal. The first and last thing to do is to pursue the ideal on straight and not on devious lines.

WE are glad to present on our title page a picture too little known in art, as we have tried to show elsewhere too little understood in life. It is from Guido Reni's "Flight into Egypt." The original picture is in the possession of the St. Petersburg gallery. It has been reproduced most effectively in the Braun autotypes. Our own cut is a reproduction of the photograph in the St. Petersburg catalogue which we were permitted to use through the courtesy of W. R. French, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago. This institute contains more helps to culture and to religion than are utilized. Art is the antidote for bigotry as well as for coarseness. It refines and strengthens. Let the art institutes of our cities be visited more often.

LAST week we spoke commendatory of the Sunday closing movement in Chicago and elsewhere. This week we desire to enter our most earnest protest against another cruel outbreak of Sabbatarianism. This time it is in Ontario, Canada. Three ministers of the Seventh Day Adventists faith, whose habit is to observe the Saturday according to their convictions, have been arrested, fined and in default of fine imprisoned in the county jail for from forty to sixty days. The facts are well authenticated and we desire to express heartiest fellowship for the International Religious Liberty Association, whose headquarters is at Battle Creek, Mich., whose object is to resent such abuses and to defend the victims. The case has been ap

pealed to a higher court at Toronto. It can scarcely be possible that in this so-called enlightened age, this absurdity as well as atrocity can be sustained by the court of higher judgment and broader sense.

OUR faithful yoke fellow, the *Non-Sectarian* monthly published in St. Louis under the able editorial management of Mr. H. R. Whitmore, has merged its identity with the *To-day* published in Philadelphia under the editorship of Rev. F. A. Bisbee. The December number closes the fifth volume. The *Non-Sectarian* has fought a good battle in the interest of liberal religion, as the editor says in his valedictory, "The work has been a labor of love in a cause dear to our heart and has been done willingly. * * * We vacate our position with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction, regret at the sundering of ties which have been the source of heart-felt pleasure, satisfaction in the hope of having accomplished somewhat of good and in resigning the work to abler hands in a wider sphere of usefulness." We gladly bear testimony to the earnest devotion of our colleague and also desire to express our thanks for the cordial fellowship he has granted us in our common work. The fellowship and the work will continue though in other forms. Success to the *To-day*. May it help us ever to a nobler to-morrow.

THE *Biblical World*, a monthly published by the "University of Chicago Press," of which Dr. Harper is editor-in-chief, has made its December number a beautiful Christmas number. It is illustrated with many masterpieces. The Hoffman Christchild head is on the title page. The leading article is by the editor-in-chief on "The Foreshadowing of the Christ in the Old Testament" in which the argument for the supernatural Christ on the score of prediction is attenuated to the utmost limit. But still at the end the author gathers himself together and reasserts "a divine plan which has been executed by an influence." The article in the main follows the line of recent criticism, but every now and then the preconceived notions of the theologian overstate the conclusions of the scholar as when he says that "the Hebrew nation stood alone in its overwhelming sense of heinousness of crime." What of the Parsi's tireless struggle between right and wrong? And again he tells that there is "no such thing as Messianic prophesy in any literature of the ancient time except that of the Old Testament." What were the dreams of Buddha and of Plato but Messianic dreams? Even in Skandinavian mythology is there not a Messianic glow in the promise of the ultimate triumph of Balder the beautiful?

A New Hymn and Tune Book.*

Our tardiness in speaking of this new hymn-book is due to our appreciation of the volume and the desire to give it more than a brief notice. The name of the literary editor, Mrs. Mary W. Tileston, awakens interest beforehand as well as high expectation in regard to her part; while that of the musical editor, Mr. Arthur Foote, gives no less assurance of taste and judgment in the matter of the music. Mrs. Tileston's compilations have won deserved favor,—notably her "Quiet Hours" (Series I. and II. in one volume), which is the best selection of its kind within our knowledge. "Hymns for Church and Home" is virtually a new work, not a mere revision and enlargement of "Hymns for the Church Universal," in the preparation of which Mrs. Tileston shared with her brother, the late Rev. Henry Wilder Foote. It is a handsome volume of eight hundred hymns, together with chants and chorales, beautifully printed on fine paper. The table of contents is well arranged and more helpful in finding hymns than such tables often are. Indexes of tunes, of composers and of authors are given.

One impression from a first glance at the book has grown steadily upon us in its further and frequent perusal; namely, the wide field which the editor has brought under tribute and the evident care and judgment bestowed upon the choice of hymns. The work has manifestly been one of love. The Catholicity is marked, not only in respect of the ecclesiastical connection of the writers, but also in respect of those conventional distinctions which blind many people to the devout and lyrical verse, whether whole poems or passages therein, to be found in literature at large and not labelled "religious." The collection accordingly is to an unusual extent representative of life, of the soul in all its varied environment and inward experience, while it has due regard to those more special features and associations connected with instituted religion. Lovers of the old and familiar hymns will find very many of their favorites here; but, with perhaps an occasional exception, these have been included clearly on their intrinsic merit, while others for lack of such merit have been displaced by more recent hymns voicing better the thought and faith of the new time. Watts, Charles Wesley, Montgomery and Doddridge have hitherto dominated the hymn-books of English-speaking Protestants. Our debt to these men can hardly be overestimated, not only for the lasting merit of so many of their hymns, but for the impulse they gave, especially Watts and Wesley, to the element of song in the religious meeting. But their best hymns combined with the scarcity of supply at the time to float their poor and poorest on the religious market; and, once in collections widely used, the old proverb holds true of hymns,—possession is nine points of the law. Associations are a great preservative of hymns, irrespectively of intrinsic merit. A sifting process has been gradually going on, however, and the result is noticeable in newer collections, especially in those more independently edited. In the "Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church," of the 1117 hymns, 308 are from Wesley, 78 from Watts, 47 from Montgomery and 23 from Doddridge. There are none from Samuel Longfellow and only two from Whittier. In "The Baptist Hymnal" (American Baptist Publication Society, 1883) containing 704 hymns, there are 111 from Watts, 34 from Wesley, and 21 each from Montgomery and Doddridge; none from Samuel Longfellow and only one from Whittier. Dr. Abbott's "Plymouth Hymnal" for its 638 hymns takes 48 from Watts, 27 each from Wesley and Montgomery and 9 from Doddridge, while Whittier is represented by 8 and Longfellow by 5. "Church Harmonies Old and New," the handsome Universalist hymn book recently published, contains 708 hymns; of these 20 are from Watts, 18 from Wesley, 15 from Montgomery and 4 from Doddridge, while 11 are from Whittier and 13 from Longfellow. Yet more marked in this respect are Dr. Hunter's "Hymns of Faith and Life" (Glasgow, 1889) and Rev. A. W. Oxford's "Berwick Hymnal" (Revised ed., London, 1888). Of the 695 hymns in the former only 4 are from Watts, 4 from Wesley, 6 from Montgomery and 5 from Doddridge; and of the 474 hymns in the Berwick Hymnal only 2 are from Watts, 5 from Wesley, 3 from Montgomery and 1 from Doddridge, while in both books Longfellow and Whittier are very largely drawn upon. We have referred in these comparisons to Longfellow and Whittier both for themselves and as representatives of the best recent contributions to hymnology; for the collections that recognize most these writers may be said in proportion to recognize the best modern material for a hymn-book. Mrs. Tileston is more conservative of the old in her "Hymns for Church and Home" than some of the foregoing, and in the main wisely so, we think; but she draws also very largely from the best modern hymns. Thus with her 46 from Watts, 35 from Wesley, 34 from Montgomery and 22 from Doddridge (in a collection of 801), she has 25 from Longfellow, 19 from Whittier, 18 from Thomas H. Gill, 9 from Faber, 8 from Furness, 7 from Samuel Johnson, 4 from Eliza Scudder and more or less hymns from other authors of like spirit and quality to these, including names familiar to readers of the NEW UNITY. She has also laid hold of the scattered one or two hymns, here and there, wherein the author has sung rarely well and has sung no more. Take the volume all in all, as a large and varied supply of material, we think it unequaled, certainly unsurpassed, by any collection of hymns and tunes within our knowledge. For ourself and for our own pulpit use we would not have included some hymns which are here admitted; but this is on the ground of their christological implication rather than for their lack of merit as hymns. Of these the most striking instance that occurs to us is "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

As Dr. Everett said in his admirable paper at the recent National Conference, with that subtle humor that often gleams in his most serious discourse, "the Unitarian knows little of diadems and prostrate angels"; and such hymns seem as foreign to our growing recognition of the real Man of Nazareth as the

*Hymns for Church and Home, with Tunes. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1895.

Christ of the mediæval church is apart from the Jesus of the waysides and the mount. But these hymns form but a very small portion of the whole, and we are well aware of what may be said for inclusiveness in a book intended for wide use. On the other hand we are glad that the editor, admitting some hymns which we should not, has kept them in their original and most familiar form, as, for example, in the beautiful hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul"; and throughout the collection there is shown a conscientious regard for the author's right to his own words, and such slight changes as are made are properly indicated.

As we have already said, these hymns are to an unusual extent representative of life; of the soul in all its varied environment and inward experience. There is a very large element of universality pervading the book, the essential—human, apart from the historic and special. The editor says in her preface that "endeavor has been made to provide an ample number of hymns of thankfulness, joy and hope, and of active service"; and this has been well done. We could wish, in view of her admirable little volume "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," that the editor had compiled a series of "responsive services" even at cost of space allotted to hymns. We feel sure that it would have been done with spiritual insight and literary skill, and would be of use in many congregations. Perhaps this may sometime follow.

Of the music of the book we do not feel competent to speak as a critic. There are some new and many comparatively new tunes here by composers who have done most in recent years to improve the quality of church music; and the best of the old and familiar tunes seem to have been retained. In these respects we judge the book to have great merit. The name of the musical editor, as we have said, is a guaranty of good judgment and taste here. F. L. H.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

ONE autograph-collector at least has been rewarded for his pains. In reply to a request from an admirer of "Trilby," Mr. Du Maurier sent a sketch representing himself wearing angel's wings and a forked tail and holding a cigarette, in the smoke of which one reads the following: "Some seem to think he's got wings like an angel—some, that he's got a cloven hoof and a forked tail! He is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you—*un vieux petit bourgeois—ni bon ni mauvais, et tris malheureux qui on s' occupe tant de lui.*"

A GREAT part of the work by which the world knows Professor Huxley was done after dinner, and after a hard day's work in the lecture-room and laboratory. He never spared himself. Often and often have I known him leave the circle of family and friends, of which he was the life, very early in the evening and betake himself to his library, a room of which the only luxury was books. If remonstrated with, or appealed to for another half-hour, he would only shake his head. There was something to be done. And it would be midnight or 1 or 2 o'clock before it was done, and then he was up at seven in the morning. I sometimes thought he had no higher happiness than work; perhaps nobody has. He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish; more than that was a clog on his mind. "The great secret," he said, "is to preserve the power of working continuously sixteen hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that you may be caught out any time."—*Scribner's.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Blessing on the Dance.

From "Christmas-Night in the Quarters."

IRWIN RUSSELL.

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's Chrismus-night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr,—min' dis, now,—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows,
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

Christmas Day in Ceylon.

It was on Christmas Eve that we arrived in Kandy, and by sunrise the next morning I was out to greet in the tropics the blessed day. Child of the wintry North, where was I? No sound of sleigh-bells jingled on the frozen air. No frost-nipped imagination suggested overcoat or mittens. The charming little lake close at hand, breathed, indeed, its invitation—not, however, to skim with skates its icy surface, but to jump into its bosom for a delicious swim. In circuit a mile or more, it was overhung with royal palms,—the most beautiful of all the palms,—and with century-old tamarind-trees, dipping the feathery tips of their branches into the water. A wealth of flowering vines—scarlet, purple, gold—climbed every tree trunk and festooned every cliff. Close at hand was the Buddhist monastery, and on its steps the yellow-robed monks and acolytes chanting their hymns and prayers. Men, women and children on the road greeted me with a winning charm unknown to our angular race, their beautiful eyes suffused with a Nirvana-like peace, which, though their lips uttered no Merry Christmas, yet breathed its loving spirit on the air. Thus gently sauntering along, I completed the circuit of the lake to where its waters overflow in a plunge thirty feet down into a lovely pool. Then what a picture!

Men, women and children were reveling in their early morning bath,—the men and boys rioting in splendid somersaults from the cliffs; the women huddled together more apart, but laughing and chattering in the merriest way. And now the genuine Christmas-gift spirit revived in my heart. No pent-up Utica of presents, as at home, of fur gloves and knit hug-me-tights longer contracted my powers. My soul expanded in tropical exuberanee. I yearned to be an Indian prince with ample means to create crystal-clear Diana baths like this for happy people in Massachusetts to leap into on every early morning of December 25,—the blessed season of the year, when, as all New Englanders so well know, the air is so deliciously warm, the water so seducive in its invitation, and the pleasure so exquisite of lying out in the golden sunshine to dry.

On Christmas day, if ever in the year, a principle of pure disinterested sympathy with the joys of others should be the dominant note of the soul. Yet, how much easier is it to be thus unselfish under certain conditions than under others! Nowhere, for example, the man who shares a more absolute faith than I in the tonic virtue of a zero winter climate,—especially shares it when lying out in luxurious ease in the tropics. That day, then, I felt so disinterestedly glad for all the dear ones in America, so thankful that they were experiencing the fine exhilarations of the snow and ice tingling in their blood, and that their cheeks were so ruddy and their appetites so whetted as with a scythe-stone. No trace of envy breathed a stain on the smooth mirror of my soul. Their superabundant energy, their freedom from any desire for a moment's rest, their magical power of extracting sunbeams from anthracite, their capacity to get pleasure out of one little evergreen bush, in alleviation of the bare, wind-lashed oaks and maples around them. Yes, it seemed so graciously delightful to lie stretched out under a tamarind-tree and to contemplate all this as the happy lot of others. Whole groups of them could I see, in my mind's eye, holding on tight to their hats and bonnets as they staggered out from their front doors to face the blizzard, while congratulatingly I cried: "Ah! that is the making of a hardy, brave, virtuous and much-enduring people. Long may you be subjected to it!"

In the tropics, the sense of the sweetness of rest carries with it a primal, elemental meaning it can rarely share in a far northern climate. In Massachusetts, for example, it is Tennyson's poem of "Ulysses," the gray-haired old mariner, who at eighty is too nervously restless to sit down in quiet for an hour by his fireside to reflect on past experience, but must be projecting some new seal or walrus voyage to Baffin's Bay or beyond; it is the "Ulysses" that carries the day in attraction over any poetry of dreamy rest like "The Lotus-Eaters." While "The Lotus-Eaters" is an exquisite rendering of the inmost essence of the Buddhistic ideal of Nirvana, the only ideal of Nirvana that appears to sanction repose to the average American housekeeper, haunted by seven dust devils that will not go out of her, or harried by her exacerbated conscience into an endless vortex of committee meetings, seems to be the final goal of fairly earned collapse in nervous prostration. Then first is her moral being temporarily at peace. "I would if I could; but if I cannot, how can I? But ache hard, O head, and pain wearily, O spine, that I may feel myself justified in the eye of heaven and earth in submitting to the mortification of trying to compass a little rest!" This is not the view entertained in Ceylon.—From "*This Goodly Frame the Earth,*" by FRANCIS TIFFANY.

LET us send your friends a sample copy of this paper.

A Visit to the Dresden Gallery.

The following extract from a private letter is from a Sunday School worker who followed Mr. Fenn's course of New Testament studies based on masterpieces of art, in the fourth year of the six years' course. The letter will not only be interesting to the teachers and pupils who pursued that course, but to all readers for the interesting light it throws upon contemporary art, particularly the works of one who is probably the greatest religious painter of the day, Mr. Hoffman.—*Editors.*

In the Dresden gallery aside from the Sistine Madonna, which was not used in the course, I found Correggio's Holy Night, Ecce Homo and Paul on Mars' Hill—this last a tapestry from a cartoon of Raphael's. If my memory were less treacherous or had I possessed a list of the twenty-two pictures used by the W. U. S. S. S. in their lessons of two years ago, I think I could have located one or two more. This was my second pilgrimage to the Sistine Madonna and I did not haste to sit before it. I wished it as a climax and could enjoy in a leisurely way the preliminary feast spread before me. Correggio's Holy Night at first made a powerful impression upon me, and I found courage at the end of my first day at the gallery to say that the attitude of mother love in it impressed me more than the tranquil and elevated beauty of the Sistine Madonna. This is rank heterodoxy, I know, and I will admit that before I left Dresden I was brought to my knees, so to speak, before the Sistine Mother. I am ready to say that it is the most impressive picture I have ever seen, but I also realize that its alone-ness—being in a cabinet by itself—gives it a far better opportunity to make itself felt, unhindered by intruding neighbors, than is vouchsafed to most other great pictures. It was restful to sit in the quiet room where generally loud voices are hushed; but spite of all my admiration, I see in it an awed woman rather than a loving mother. (Perhaps Raphael meant us to feel that.) On the contrary, Correggio's Holy Night is running over full of mother tenderness—enough of it for a Pompilia—but the face is so simpering soft that one would choose to see it in a copy too small to make distinct the features. There are many of Correggios here, few of which I care for, but in one, called the Madonna Enthroned, in which the faces are most satisfactory. The mother's face is noble and beautiful and the attendant saints neither weak or over sanctimonious.

In a collection of modern paintings I had a pleasant surprise in seeing old friends from the Columbian Exposition. Several of Deffrayer's, among them the Tyrolese Smithy, The Soldier's last Message and Forging of the Anchor. Munkacsy's Crucifixion is here and is painfully impressive. I am tired of such subjects and could easily dispense with about three-fourths of the subjects harped upon by the old masters. Again I saw Gross's "Dante's Hell." It wrings my heart. The photograph gives only a faint idea.

Now let me tell you what pleased me most of all in Dresden. Hoffman's Christ in the Temple is the most famous picture in the modern gallery. I learned that he is a resident of Dresden and that he gives one hour a week (Sunday from 12 to 1 o'clock) to strangers. They are at liberty to call upon him in his home and see his studio and pictures. Of course we embraced the opportunity and came away feeling that this was the crowning experience of our Dresden visit. We found him a venerable, mild, kindly old man not distinctly German in appearance. One of our company tried to make us see in his face of Christ a resemblance to his own profile. I did not see it. He is a feeble old man past seventy, and I am told is a sick man, not likely to live long. He is a devout Lutheran, goes to church every Sunday morning—church is early here, never later than 10 o'clock—and receives the public between church and dinner. He says he lives with his pictures and his memories, his wife and children being dead. He walks in his garden and paints a little when the spirit moves. One great treat in this visit was the opportunity to see "Christ and the Rich Young Man." It is almost the only thing in his simple studio. A few studies for frescoes and one unfinished picture were all of any interest except it. To say that the photographic reproductions are *very good* but not equal to the original, may sound silly, but I usually prefer a colorless reproduction to the colored original. I make an exception of this picture. The colors do add beauty and the painter's skill is so evident that I think it far beyond any other of his works that I have seen. It can have no possible rival but the "Temple" picture. I mentioned that when in Dresden some years ago I regretted so much not being able to find this picture and was told that it was away on exhibition. To which he replied: "This picture has never been out of my studio. I will not exhibit my pictures where they might be hung next to a ballet girl. I think sacred pictures should be hung only with similar subjects." It is evident that his choice of subjects is the result of a deeply religious nature and that his work takes deep hold of him. Since finishing the "Rich Young Man" I think he has painted but one other picture. This we saw in, I judge, an unfinished condition. It is a figure of Christ standing with his arm and two fingers of his hand raised. I know this attitude is used in sacred pictures to express a blessing, but when Hoffman was asked the name of this picture, he replied, "I give it no name; it is just Christ appealing to you." Its execution seems to indicate failing power. The man — Hoffman — nowhere showed to greater advantage than in trying to set at ease some shy awkward girls who came into his studio after we did. His manner was so kindly that they were soon at ease.

A portfolio of his drawings to which he called my attention had in it the originals of all those lighter colored photos of his pictures which were in use in our series. The collection had twenty or more scenes from the life of Jesus, intended, as he said, for home instruction. They had never been put into colors and now I understand why those we used had such a different tint from ordinary photographs. Of course I could not refrain from telling him of our study and how we had drawn upon his pictures in illustrating the subject. He seemed to be greatly pleased at the thought and at our use of his pictures.

We thanked him on leaving for giving us the great pleasure of a visit to his studio, which he parried in a most modest way by thanking us for coming to see him. I found a photograph of him later in the store which I prize highly, but it is of a man at least ten years younger than the one I saw. His is a face of one who lives in an atmosphere created by high thoughts and exalted emotions, and shows, what is so sweet and rare, a living up to his works. I came away delighted with having seen a great artist who is greater than his pictures.

In Berlin I picked up a trifle about the personality of Cornelius (not living) who painted the "Temptation." He was an intense Catholic and hated with a royal hatred Kaulbach who is denounced for his frescoes in the National Gallery in Berlin and who was a Protestant. One of Kaulbach's subjects as you know was Luther and his Times. Luther stands far back at the center and naturally fills but a small angle of vision. Cornelius said, "If I had been painting Luther I would have made him *large*."

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The Royal Way.

BY MISS MARY KEYES.

A man, desirous of entering the service of the king of his country, gathered together rich stuffs and rare jewels. These he placed on beasts of burden and having mounted himself on a beautiful animal started for the court.

The first days carried him through pleasant valleys flanked by snow-capped mountains. Many a time he paused to behold the beauties of the landscape. In the morning, sweet it was to see the first faint streaks of light and then the growing glory as each frosty town and turret and pinnacle glowed with the advancing day. It brought back to him those old Homeric days when Aurora, Mother of Dawn, touched the world with her rosy finger-tips. Resting at noon by some limpid stream he learned the charm of midday haze and quiet. At sunset he stayed his steps in reverence for the awful grandeur of the passing of the king of day, and at night fell asleep under the tender stars.

But one day the road led him to the foot of a steep mountain path. He looked about for an easier ascent from the valley but found none. He began to be frightened lest he had lost his way, but no! There before him was the sign-board—"To the Palace of the King!" The climb was hard for the beasts of burden and one by one they dropped on the way, even the one on which he rode. The question now was how to carry his treasure. One thing was sure, he could not take all. So selecting such things as he could carry on his person he cut himself a staff and continued his journey.

All along the way he found little villages nestled away in the mountains. Here he would rest and take refreshment for which he was obliged to pay so dearly that on reaching the palace gates there remained of all his possessions only his little knapsack, his staff and a bunch of grapes he had gathered on the way. So low and narrow was the gate that before he could enter even with these he needs must part.

There lay outside the gate one who like himself had sought the court, but unlike him, failed of strength to take one step farther. Now, when he saw the knapsack and fruit and staff thrown within his reach he took them. In the knapsack he found food for his hunger and the rich clustering grapes made sweet wine for his thirst. Thus refreshed he took the staff and by its aid rose to his feet, ploded on, and passed in at the gates to the presence of the king.

It happened that these two were presented to the king at the same audience. To the first he said: "Blessed art thou for strewing thy gifts along the way!" and to the last: "Blessed art thou for using the gifts within thy reach!"

Last Christmas eve Mr. J——— went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place with a slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

READ the inducements offered on page 688 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help THE NEW UNITY and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

V. Selected from Epictetus.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

Why are you ignorant of your own noble descent? You are a portion separated from the Deity; you have in yourself a certain portion of Him.

You are carrying a god with you and know it not. You carry him within yourself.

If God had entrusted an orphan to you, would you neglect him?

But now he has not only made you but has also entrusted you to yourself and made you a deposit to yourself.

He has delivered yourself to your own care, and says, 'Keep him for me such as he is by nature, modest, faithful, erect, brave, free from anxiety."

But if a man is unhappy, his unhappiness is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy and free from anxieties.

All things are full of friendship, first of the gods, and then of men who by nature are made to be of one family.

No man is bad without suffering some loss and damage.

What then, since that man has hurt himself by doing an unjust act to me, shall I hurt myself by doing some unjust act to him?

He is free who lives as he wishes to live.

Who is neither subject to compulsion, nor hindrance, nor force, but whose desires attain their purpose.

But who chooses to live in error, or unjust or discontented or mean?

Not one, then, of the bad lives as he wishes; not one is free from sorrow or fear, or does not fall into that which he would avoid.

The good man is invincible, for he does not enter into the contest where he is not stronger.

Take his land, take his slaves, take his poor body —but you will not make his desire fail in that which it seeks, nor his aversion fall into that which he would avoid.

The only contest into which he enters is about things within the power of his will. How then is he not invincible?

Nothing is given for nothing. If you wish to be consul, you must run about, kiss hands, waste yourself with exhaustion, say and do many things unworthy of a free man.

In order then to secure freedom and tranquility, to be anxious about nothing, will you spend nothing and give no labor?

Do you expect to have for nothing things so great?

Those things are enough for me over which I have power: I ought to manage them as well as I can—as for the rest as the Master of them may choose.

It is enough for me if I can stretch out my hands to God and say, "That thou hast given me life I thank thee; so long as I have made use of the things which are thine I am content; take them back and place them wherever thou choosest."

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a kind as the author may choose.

If he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally, if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private citizen, do the same.

For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part belongs to another.

Wherefore the wise and good man, remembering who he is and whence he came and by whom he is produced, is attentive only to fill his place obediently to God.

A GREAT book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

THE first prize in the Hull House competition for "people's songs" has been awarded to Miss Mary A. Lathbury, and the second to Mr. M. S. Paden.

The Divinity of Fatherhood.

A Christmas preparation sermon, preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, December 15, 1895.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

And they found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. (Luke II. 16.)

The Christmas season comes on apace, the merry radiance begins to stream consciously throughout Christendom. The peasant virgin elevated by miracle, tradition, art and reverent love is about to ascend her throne and re-assert her sway as queen of heaven. The child, manger born, throws its refulgence, as in Correggio's picture of the "Holy Night," back on the girl mother's face, making celestial its earthly lineaments. Let us not throw a shadow athwart this radiance, let us not dim the ideal that gives to woman through maternity imperial sway and makes her by right of love divine the mother of earth's saviors.

But let us this morning further prepare for Christmas joys by trying to be just to the poor, rustic Joseph, the Nazarene carpenter, who, for eighteen hundred years has been robbed of man's noblest wealth and most cherished possession, robbed of his one child, deprived of that association and recognition, that appreciation and inspiration that ought to go with the name and the fame of one who, according to the growing thought of the earth's noblest, gave being, protection, provision and nurture to the dearest helper of mankind. And he must have done this in such a tender, high and holy fashion that when this great helper sought for some poor human symbol of the infinite care, some fit measure of the eternal power and wisdom, he found none more fitting than that furnished him in the carpenter shop and the carpenter cot, and so he measured the immeasurable by his favorite symbol of fatherhood. The father of earth suggested the highest, tenderest symbol and name of the great God of the universe, the eternal providence, "the Father in Heaven."

Oh, it is pitiable to think of this great tragedy eighteen centuries long, which has separated the carpenter Joseph from his son Jesus. But this counts but little,—these errors of human speech and the crudities of human thought. Not what men say but what God ordains, not the fables of human traditions but the realities of the universe rooted in integrity and poised in equity fix the rewards and the relations of men. It is we and not Joseph that suffer from this parricidal, this father-killing act of deluded Christendom. We have lost more than he in this practical expulsion of fatherhood from the holy family. We cannot afford to further debilitate our Christmas thought by this exclusively feminine adoration. We must put back into our Christian ideal the thought of the divine paternity as well as our thought of the divine maternity. Christian art, in putting the man child glorious, the divine babe, the anointed of God into the arms of woman, enshrining both with the halo of the divine did well. The Catholic Church, in elevating this mother into a celestial advocate, an interceding mother at the throne of the Most High, giving to her a listening ear and a pitying heart to whom the penitent can carry the burdens of conscience which it dare not breathe to either the great "God the Father" or the loving "God the Son," did well, but we should do better, ascribing not the less divinity to Mary, the mother heart, but recognizing a divinity as well in the obscure and neglected soul of Joseph, the father. It is natural that Mary worship should precede Joseph reverence. Theology in this respect has but unconsciously followed the subtle law of evolution. Motherhood is an earlier fact than fatherhood in the universe. If the order of evolution is from the simple to the more complex, from the lower to the higher, then the thought of fatherhood in religion naturally comes later, as the thought of fatherhood in nature comes later. It is therefore higher spiritual thought. Parthenogenesis, or virgin birth, represent the lowest and not the highest forms of generation. All the lower forms of life are reproduced from one parent. And when on the ascending scale life divided itself into male and female there was maternity long before motherhood appeared. Life was generated long before there came with the generation the care and the nurture which a mother gives to a child. After that it took cycles more of evolution, life had to climb much higher on the spiral of development before paternity took on fatherhood, and the great and holy function of sex was touched with grace and enshrined in responsibility. Drummond, in his "Ascent of Man" says, "The evolution of the mother even on its physical side was the most stupendous task evolution ever undertook." I wish I might persuade you in this sermon that the evolution of the father on the psychical side was a task none the less stupendous. Maternity is a function which woman holds in common with all females of the higher orders of life. Motherhood is a function which she holds in common with most of the higher orders of mammalia. But fatherhood, conscious, loving, protecting and providing fatherhood, comes only in the later cycles of civilization. In religion and morals his era has scarcely begun.

Let us look more closely at this statement that in the lower orders maternity has in it no motherhood. The female crab and beetle take great pains in depositing their eggs where their young may find the conditions of life, but they die before the children are born. The butterfly would not know her offspring. The four steps toward motherhood recounted by Drummond are instructive. Nature accomplished this high development first, by causing fewer young to be produced at a birth. The frog that spawns a thousand eggs could not possibly have a care for her own offspring. Secondly, the mother must produce her young in such a way that they will be recognized by her. The butterfly can but say to the crawling caterpillar, "what have I to do with thee?" Had she the maternal instinct she would be like the hen who has hatched the duck, incapable of following it or ministering to its training. In the third place, nature in order to develop motherhood must make infancy dependent,—the little ones must be born helpless else they escape from the mother before the mother can impress herself upon them or enlarge the boundaries of either her own or their life. Here again the biologist finds abundant illustration. Lastly, the child must be made to dwell with the parent, dependent upon her. Full motherhood comes when the mother must continue to be the providence of the child-life after birth or the child dies. Now a man child is possible. Humanity is started, but there are still dreary stretches through uncounted generations, thousands of years of chill, mother solitudes. Polyandry is older than polygamy. The line of descent among the most primitive races is traced through the female and not the male. The child has a mother before it has a father. The books on anthropology tell us of a matriarchate before a patriarchate, a maternal family before there is a paternal family, but it is a poor, low-down, pitiable family. As we ascend the scale, paternity

becomes a psychical as well as a physical function. In the higher order of birds we see the male sharing the responsibilities of the home-making, home-guarding and home-providing. He brings the material while she builds the nest. If he does not divide the hours of incubation with her he brings her food, fights off the enemy and cheers her solitude with his song. Once the callow birdlings appear he shares with her the burden of providing. And possibly in some of the higher families of birds, this monogamic union has a tendency to become perennial and the husband,—the house-band,—clings, season after season, to the same faithful wife, the weaver. Drummond tells us of a picture painted by Coppenfells, of a female gorilla and her young resting comfortably in their loft of sticks built in the branches of a tree, while the father gorilla sits at the foot of the tree with his back against the trunk, fighting away the leopards who would fain feast upon the wife and child above. Let this gorilla indicate the evolution of the father, the slow rises on the spiral which makes fatherhood as well as motherhood divine. First he is a protector. His strong right arm is needed by the child, his superior muscle is a providence to it. Let us have done with the old sneer at brawn. That child is poorly born who is not born into the protection of a father's arm as well as a mother's breast. Next, the father is a provider. This office again needs to be baptized, consecrated by religion because it is a divine office. Mary, whatever she was able to do for the infant Jesus, could not have done it without the contribution that came through the industry of the shop. Whatsoever of leisure, composure, devoutness pervaded that Nazarene carpenter's home, much of it was dependent upon the skill that was exercised at the work bench. Art and poetry, sentiment and sense alike have magnified the beauty and the bounty represented by a woman's breast. Let us rise above our blindness and our grossness and recognize the same law prolonging that providence, extending that bounty along the psychical lines that make the father tireless, vigilant, skilful, that mother and child may be fed.

And still the father is more than protector and provider. He becomes the guide and inspirer of youth. John Fiske's great contribution to sociological science consists in his clear emphasis on the importance of the prolongation of infancy in order to secure the highest development of men and women. By thus prolonging the period of brain plasticity, increasing the number of receptive years, are we able to increase the number of habits and aptitudes in the child's brain. The little rills of action are thus enabled to dig for themselves clearer and deeper channels so that desirable actions become more and more easy, habitual and orderly.

All this hints at the Joseph contribution to the life and triumph of the benignant teacher of Nazareth which the centuries have been slow to recognize. In the gospel genealogies there is a clear indication that these annalists assumed that Jesus was the son of Joseph else they would not have counted so much on the David inheritance which they traced through the Joseph line, but even in the gospel narratives the good father is early ignored or forgotten, and not until four or five hundred years had elapsed did the church recognize a Joseph day in its ritual, and not until some time in the neighborhood of the sixteenth century I believe, was his place made secure in the calendar of saints.

In all this the scientist discover as case of reversion, the Mariolotry that crowds out the father is a case of atavism; it is a part of that conservatism in religion which ever shows its tendency to make sacred the old and to perpetuate as holy more primitive thoughts and primeval customs. This is why priests love to robe themselves in what was the everyday garb of far-away centuries; why the archaic "thee" and "thou" are considered more pious than the pronouns of present speech, and a reason for the fact that old cathedral fires were kindled by the more primitive friction block instead of by the steel and flint or the still less sacred friction match.

I plead for the divinity of the father as well as the divinity of the mother. I protest against the debilitating sentimentalism that would fain increase the sanctity of motherhood by the degradation of fatherhood. This is not the place to discuss the subtle profundities of parentage. One thing is sure that the father's contribution to the child's being is none the less direct, effective and permanent than is that of the mother, and if the mother is tied by the subtle cords of physical necessity more closely to the infant, the more permanent well-being of the child, his ultimate place in the world, his own final contribution to being is, or ought to be, as dependent upon the father as upon the mother. It is a superstition based upon a one-sided anthropology that has persistently kept the child Jesus in the mother's arms. That was a bold stroke of the old master, Guido Reni that placed the radiant Christ-child in his robeless splendor in the tender arms of his father and painted the knotty, gray-bearded face of the carpenter, Joseph, bending tenderly over the babe in rapt adoration. Such ventures will not always be so rare. The holy family is to come again into modern art, and when it does come it will not always be a virgin mother and an infant Jesus and St. John, but it will be the domestic circle entire, the fireside group as completed by the divine hand in the unfoldments of evolution. It will contain father and mother, brothers and sisters, all necessary in the actual providence, all elements in the sanctities of the home. Such a holy family you remember Verestchagen gave us in a picture exhibited here some years ago, showing the humble court of an Oriental hamlet with the father at his bench, the mother at her needle, the little brothers and sisters at their play, the toddling babe the object of common care, and the thought-ladened lad at his book, with all the homely settings of the peasant's life. Such a holy family did Simmons, a New York artist, give us in that never-forgotten picture of the carpenter shop in the United States exhibit at the World's Fair. There amid abundant shavings, the wholesome bare-footed lad sits in the sunbeams, the loving father and mother communing in the shadow over the sayings which both father and mother kept and "pondered in their hearts." A holy family presents itself everywhere and anywhere wherever a child is born into the spiritual parentage which is his due and his need. A double parentage, father and mother. They parted company way down there in the lowest realms of organic life among the protozoa which multiplied by division. But they are to come together again way up here on the divinest levels known to man, where, husband and wife, they twain become one flesh, one purpose, one providence. Let us have done with the profane polytheism of the older time where immortal gods conspired with mortal women to bring forth purity and excellence. Let us rise above the impure insinuation that man is not so much as woman the divine channel through which the creative stream flows on its way to higher and still higher forms of being. I object to your "immaculate conception" theories, your virgin births and extra-human personalities, not because they are too spiritual to be true, too heavenly to be realized, but because they are too material in their insinuations, too gross in their theories, too unspiritual in their implication, too unreal to be potent. Let others approach the Christmas time, thinking of the Christ-child as they may, let our carols echo to the great noel that first rang in father Joseph's heart as well as in mother Mary's breast.

I plead for the recognition of the divinity of fatherhood as well as the divinity of motherhood, not only because I would give tardy recognition to one who seems to me to have been a sadly neglected historic personage, but because every child as well as the Christ-child needs a father as well as a mother. I distrust the easy distinctions based on sex, and yet in the order of development distinctions there are, and we must recognize them. If the mother is a type of love and through her tenderness has come into human life and love has been discovered as an inherent part of the universe, as the quest of life, the end of creation, then through the father has come into human life the thought of law, through him came the benignity of government, through him has the soul been tutored to respect authority, through him have we been made to see that the universe is not only cradled in love but that it is centered in justice. Righteousness is the father word of evolution. Righteousness is the father thought of God as love is the mother thought of God. Righteousness is the father contribution to the home, and if the hand of the father is at times more heavy, aye, if it needs must be, come at times with deliberate heaviness upon the child, it is God's way of making a man out of that child. Who of us will not bless the correcting hand of the father as much as the soothing kiss of the mother? There should be, and there are, kisses from both father and mother to the well-bred child and there will be discipline, sometimes prompt, and, so far as the child can understand, unreasoning discipline in the hand of both, but for distinction let us recognize the father's contribution in the past and the present to the child life as a contribution of righteousness, of law, of stern equity. Shall we not bless this father providence as much as the mother providence? If in woman's eyes we first discover the eternal love, then let us in man's enkindled indignation, transfigured righteousness, first discover the eternal justice of the universe. Beneficent was the dispensation of the patriarchs; helpful in its day was the paternal assumption of kings and popes. By the mysterious inspirations of language, by the subtle selections of evolution, does the Indian speak of the president of the United States as "the great Father at Washington," and do we not all love the phrase "Father Abraham" when we speak of the dearest and noblest of presidents. The modern child is threatened not with too much mother but with too little father, and this danger is heightened by the sudden release of womanhood from the ban of conventionality and of the domineering power of physical force. Let her not too readily accept as complimentary to herself the church's adoration of Mary. Woman is made of no purer stuff than man, her companion, man, her father. She cannot transmit from her own veins or her companion's veins any purer life stuff, any diviner spirit impulse to her daughter than she does to her son. Crimes differ as virtues differ in form, but I suspect the population of heaven no more than the population of hell will be largely affected by the sex line, however the attendance at the modern church may seem to predict such a differentiation. We need more fathers in

the home. With Father Spaulding of the Catholic Church, I say "we need more men teachers in our public schools," we need more men in our churches, and if our homes, schools and churches are not organized so as to evoke and direct this masculine investment, then let them be reorganized. It is not true that mothers are peculiarly the divinely appointed teachers of children, that to them is especially entrusted the intellectual or spiritual destinies of the young. As I said before, that argument is based upon the analogies of the past, it is a reversion to primitive conditions, an illustration of the law of atavism, like the return to six fingers and toes in some people or the restoration in others of the muscle that can move the ear. The highest reaches of evolution point to the double responsibility and the double potency. In the interest of the child then, let us lift him out of a mother rule into a father-mother rule. Let the home be girdled with masculine order as well as with feminine love. Let there be strength as well as tenderness. Let there be in it mind as well as heart, vigor as well as sympathy. All these are spiritual children which cannot be born except in the bi-sexual realm,—they must have a father and a mother. If you remind me that woman's hand can be strong, that she has disciplined children, controlled states and directed armies, I gladly concede the point and urge in response that men have carried children in their bosoms, that David lamented for Absalom with sobs that have touched the heart of the ages; that the great-hearted Mohammed was sorrow smitten when little Ibrahim, the child of his old age, lay dying in its mother's arms, and when his followers would rebuke him, saying "Have you not forbidden us to weep for thee, O master, when thou wilt depart?" he replied, "I have forbidden you to shriek and beat yourselves and rend your garments above your dead as pagans do, but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart and are sent in mercy." And he exclaimed, "Ibrahim, O Ibrahim, my son Ibrahim, if it were not that the promise is faithful and the hope of resurrection sure, if it were not that this is the way to be trodden by all and the last of us shall join the first, I would grieve for you with a deeper grief even than this." And as he spoke the child's struggles ceased and little Ibrahim was dead. Then the great prophet of monotheism, the law-giver of Islam, laid his hands tenderly upon the sorrowing mother and said, "Rest assured the remainder of our Ibrahim's childhood and upbringing shall be in Paradise." And at the tomb he said, "My son, my son Ibrahim, when you enter Paradise say to the recording angel, 'God is my Lord. The prophet of God is my father and Islamism is my faith.'" Such tuition on earth is a benignant introduction to the highest paradise of heaven.

I once met a strange, shambling, uncultivated and unkempt hunter philosopher in the solitudes of East Tennessee. On the heights of Big Smoky by the weird light of a midnight fire, he mixed fragments of home-made philosophy with Socratic quotations and Emersonian epigrams which he read from a commonplace book he carried in his coon-skin cap. Speaking pathetically of his own meager rearing, he said, "I never had much chance, I was raised by a woman." You laugh as I laughed, but that receding voice goes with me through the years with an increasing pathos. Oh, how many children of luxury, of much training, many schools and wide travel, will some day come to the sad realization that they also "never had much chance," that they were raised by woman only. They had a male parent who assumed the responsibility of giving them being, but they never had a father who assumed the spiritual responsibility involved in the act. Their paternity stopped before it reached fatherhood, and I say there is no alternative, no adequate compensation, nothing to take the place of the God-given hand of a father. God, through Joseph, reveals himself in the spiritual realms of life as he does through Mary, and it is possible to break the connection, to turn aside the divine stream on the one hand as upon the other.

I have pled for the divinity of fatherhood for the sake of the child. Let me close by pleading for this doctrine in the interest of the father. He needs the mellowing touch of baby fingers. He needs the ameliorating smile of childhood. He needs the rejuvenation which children give. Had I time I could again appeal to the unquestioned analogies of the past. I have said that evolution has sought the development of the man child by increasing his infancy, thus increasing the tuition the soul can receive after birth, magnifying the bequest of environment, but the child educates the parent in the process. His love generates love, his worldlessness washes the worldliness out of parent hearts, his simplicity shames the father's duplicity, his thirst for companionship peoples the father's heart with a comradeship that will not desert him. George MacDonald in "Robert Falconer" has given us a character that wandered through the world in search of a father. He was a boy who was willing to relinquish the joys of heaven and enter, unbidden, the torments of hell, if thereby he might find his father. There is something of this redeeming love, consciously or unconsciously, in every babe born into the world. "Thus," as some one has said, "does God in each child born into this world, reconcile a wayward world to Himself." I tell you men are as susceptible to this ministry of children as women are. St. Christopher, who bore the Christ-child on his shoulder, was a man. St. Nicholas, he who saved the beautiful old Roman Saturnalia to Christianity, brought the glad feast of gifts down out of pagandom into christendom, was a man. Luther, who so ministered in song and fable and poem to the spiritual life of little children, was a man. Pestalozzi, Froebel and Horace Mann, the great child interpreters, the inspired and inspiring teachers of mothers, were men.

He who gave to mothers the great crooning song of the English language was a man.

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessing without number
Gently falling on thy head."

He who wrote the "Changeling" and "She Came and Went" was a man, our own Lowell.

"An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went."

And the great "Threnody," through whose lines pulses the mighty heart agonies of a thinker, was written by a man; one who believed that fatherhood as well as motherhood was from the divine and in touch with divinity, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day."

"O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft."

And was not Eugene Field, the great singer of cradle songs, a man? Thus in asserting the divinity of fatherhood I summon man to his highest and what in him has too long and too often been characterized as base or debasing and which in woman has been regarded as elevating and heavenly, is a benign power for both. Gœthe terminates the apprenticeship of the hero of "Wilhelm Meister" when that rather wayward and erratic genius feels the responsibility of parentage resting upon him. He opened his arms and exclaimed, "Welcome the gift of heaven!" Let every man look upon the child of his loins as a gift of God, a divine child, a Christ-child come into this world through the celestial gateways of birth, God permitting him to become under him and with him creator of an immortal being. The helpless bit of humanity now crooning and now wailing in mother's arms, is a child of the Infinite, a part of the Godhead, the "Son of God" indeed. From present fact, personal experience, the testimony of science, we send back our thought across nineteen centuries to the Bethlehem stable and say in truth and in deed, "a prince is born." He whom the ages foretold was born, and is born over and over again into every home from that time to this. Well may every father as well as every mother take up the Christmas carol and chant it by virtue of his fatherhood.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—They shall call his name Emanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Mon.—He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

Tues.—Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.

Wed.—Send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me.

Thurs.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

Fri.—Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Sat.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Christmas Bells.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the ivied towers,
And they welcome the dearest of festival times
In this Western world of ours.
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls.
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas bells.

They are ringing tonight through the Norway firs,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice-fields wide;
They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is to be;
Then ring! for the earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous prophet bells!

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Christmas Thoughts.

MRS. JESSIE WHITSITT.

Fill the home with music, flowers, Christmas green and an abundance of cheerfulness and good will. Do not say you cannot afford to make the children happy at Christmas time; for it requires more time and patience than money. In buying the children's presents, gratify the wish of each child's heart if possible. Buy them something they will appreciate; it is so easy now to surround children with happiness: the lovely dolls, so precious to every little motherly heart; the box of tools, so interesting to the boys and the books by the best writers, full of pictures and stories, that are a delight to all children.

Not only your own children, remember, but make a happy Christmas for some unfortunate child, whose home is bare and where want is a daily visitor. Often a book, a picture, a growing plant, sent into some dreary home will carry with it happiness that will last many days. Gifts like this you can never regret, and as you consider the least among these, you will be remembered. Let the Christmas bells ring for the child of the unfortunate as it does for your child; and if you wish to insure for yourself a merry Christmas, give simple gifts out of the fulness of your heart, to the humble, the poor and the helpless. May we all be able to carry the light into many homes, and fill the world about us, with peace and good will, and each recurring year, may every warm and loving heart help to strengthen the meaning of *A Merry Christmas*.

Missy.

A Christmas Story.

K. P. M.

It wasn't her real name—of course. Away back yonder, long before she came to live in O'Hooligan's flats, she had been christened Melissa, but as baby after baby made its way into the family, Melissa proved too much for the wee tongues, so Melissa degenerated into "Missy" by each little voice in turn.

She was a queer little body, with great hollow eyes that told their own story of poverty and care far beyond her years. She had been a little mother to each of the aforementioned babies, and of late the entire responsibility had rested upon her, for one morning, the woman that had been to them "mother" in name only, shook the dust of O'Hooligan's flats from her feet and was heard of no more.

Missy never forgot that long, lonely miserable day,—nor how Dad "went on" when he came home from work that evening and found the three frightened, desolate little children huddled up fast asleep, with their little tear-stained faces close together, and their little black fists clasping each other.

It was the excitement of the flats for a week and the children were objects of much interest and rough compassion. Mrs. Nolan of the adjoining rooms voiced the sentiments of "O'Hooligan's" when she walked in, the morning succeeding the flight, and eyeing the three trembling infants, declared it was "beyant" her what was "to become o' them poor desarted children unless it was the Refuge."

Missy, like the brave little soul she was, did all she could to help matters. But it was weary work carrying baby night after night—to try and help him forget that he was cold and hungry. Many and many a night the moonbeams peeped in at the three wee mites cuddled so close and listening to Missy's wonderful stories of people who always had enough to eat. Many and many a night those moonbeams straggling into the dreary old room, lit up three wan, pinched little faces, that even in sleep wore a sad little smile as in dreamland they found "Missy's goodies."

Christmas tide was drawing near and the gentle spirit of the season penetrated even into "O'Hooligan's." But the day before Christmas was a dreadful day. "Dad" had not been home since the morning before and but for Mrs. Nolan they would have fared ill indeed. So Christmas eve Missy decided that there was but one thing left—begging. Asking Mrs. Nolan to "look in on the young uns for a bit," she ran with swift feet into the street below.

There was no use begging around "O'Hooligan's," for no rich folks ever came there. The shops where the bright lights and pretty things were and where people with lots of money went,—those were the places, and thither she directed her flying feet. But each time the little voice faltered. It was all so big and grand and she was so very small. So she wandered on and on trying to gain courage, and by and by the shops became fewer, the houses larger and the streets more deserted, and Missy grew frightened and wished she was back at O'Hooligan's. But going back was another matter. It was so dark and everywhere things looked strange and she couldn't find a single place she knew, and O, she was so hungry and faint! At last the poor, tired little feet refused to go a step further and sitting down on a door-step the brave little soul relieved itself of its burden, in great, deep sobs that shook the tiny form from head to foot. She felt better for the cry and drying her eyes prepared to start on once more.

Now the stone steps belonged to a broad veranda of an old-fashioned mansion. Missy's own grief made her deaf to every other sound, so she failed to see the crouching figure far down at the other end of the veranda. You see, the family in the mansion had been very busy all the evening dressing the Christmas tree and arranging the gifts for the morrow. In the general excitement they had neglected to draw the curtains and the glare had attracted the miserable man who now lay hidden in the shadows. By some oversight one of the long, French windows was left unclosed and it only remained for the watcher to softly raise the window and everything was his.

Sinning is like sliding down hill—so hard to stop when you once begin. Jack Ratchford was a bad, and in some respects, a wicked man. But he was not a thief—that is, not yet—but he was reckless and envious and had persuaded himself that he was a much ill-used man. He had seen all the merry preparations and the sight filled his soul with hatred of wealthy, happy people. What right had these people to spend money so lavishly while he and his might starve for all they cared? Once he heard Missy sob—but she was so little, that seeing nothing—he concluded his ears had deceived him. He had just raised the window without a sound and had fairly slipped into the room and lit a match, when Missy raised herself from the step.

Glancing up at the window she saw the light flash for a moment and then go out. The flash showed to her the Christmas tree, and in an instant she was up at the window, with her wee face against the pane. A moment more and the glare of the street lamp showed her the figure of a short man who stood with his back toward her—over by the fire place near the gifts. At once her quick little wits solved it all satisfactorily. It could be only one person—Santa Claus.

Of late, Missy's faith in the good Saint had been somewhat shaken, but now her faith had received new life and it was only the work of a moment to discover the raised window and crawl underneath it and get to Santa.

The noise made the man start and turn, and the sight that met his gaze riveted him where he stood. His face was in the shadow—but Missy's was in the full glare of the lamp—and he knew her in an instant.

"O Santa," she whispered, "I won't bother you a bit, but I'm so glad to see you. I'm Missy Ratchford and I live at O'Hooligan's Flats. And O Santa,"—coming a step nearer—"Don't forget us this year. You clean fergot us last Chris'mas. An' we've hed such awful times. My mother run off and left us, and Dad don't care fur us any more—en we're so lonesome of an evening and Santa—do you have anything good to eat? We git so hungry, en I git so tired packing Benny 'cause he gits so hungry, en begs so hard fur some eatin, en I haven't enything fur him. I tried to beg some tonight, but somehow I couldn't. En Mrs. Nolan says we must go to the Refuge unless Dad does better. En he uster be so kind, en we love him yit. En O Santa—I'm clean lost, en when you git through here, won't you take me back to O'Hooligan's? en do bring us something to eat—I don't mean me—but bring the younguns something."

She had come close up to "Santa" by this time, and that worthy—softly dropping everything in hand, stooped gently and gathering up the wee form, whispered,—"Don't look at me, lay your head on my shoulder, I'll take you home."

Sure enough she soon found herself back at the "flats" and Santa dropped her at her own door. And in a few minutes who should come in but Dad, and going up to Missy he said:

"Santa told me all about it, dear. And you needn't fear hunger again—for that's all past; and as for the Refuge! Well, please God I'll be your refuge for many a long day yet."

And he was.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

A regular meeting of the directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn street, December 16th, 1895, at 2 P. M. There were present Messrs. Shorey, Jones, Blake, Effinger, Judy, Fenn, Secrist and Gould, and Miss Hultin. The report of the last meeting was read and approved. A letter from Rev. F. C. Southworth, accepting his election as director, was read and ordered to be filed. Also another letter from the same director was read regarding the present meeting and was ordered filed. The secretary reported that the Iowa State Association had adopted the plan of affiliation with the Western Unitarian Conference and had nominated its Secretary Rev. L. A. Harvey as its representative on our board. It was therefore voted to accept the nomination of the Iowa State Association and elect the Rev. L. A. Harvey as a member of our board to fill out the unexpired term of Mrs. McMahon. On the report of the secretary that the Michigan Conference had adopted the plan of affiliation and nominated its secretary Rev. T. P. Byrnes to act as its representaon our board, it was voted to accept this nomination and elect Rev. T. P. Byrnes as a member of our board to fill out the unexpired term of Rev. Mr Milsted. Inasmuch as the Illinois Conference had approved the general purpose and spirit of the affiliation and chosen its secretary Rev. C. F. Elliott as its representative on our board, it was voted to accept the nomination of the Illinois Conference and elect Rev. C. F. Elliott as a director of our board to fill out the unexpired term of Mrs. Learned. Mr. Fenn then offered the following resolution which, after being amended, was adopted.

Resolved, That the Missionary Council, so far as constituted, be instructed to call a conference with one representative each from the Wisconsin and Missouri Valley Conferences, the Western Unitarian Conference and the American Unitarian Association, in order that the plan of affiliation may be better understood or that another may be devised which shall secure practical unanimity.

Resolved, Second, that Mr. Fenn be the representative of the Western Unitarian Conference on this Committee of Conferences.

The secretary then read the letter of the treasurer concerning the financial standing of the Conference and also Mrs. Woolley's letter on the finances. In view of these two communications and a report of the secretary on the same subject it was voted that the president, the secretary, the treasurer and Messrs. Effinger and Fenn act as a special finance committee to appeal to subscribers to the deficit and to the churches of the Conference. It was voted that a program committee of five be appointed to arrange the program for the next annual meeting. It was voted that the selection of this committee, as well as the selection of the city and the church in which to hold our next annual meeting, be postponed to the next meeting of the board. It was voted that Wednesday be the day on which the meetings be called in the future. The secretary reported a letter from Mrs. L. B. Fisher of Alton, Ill., regarding the sale of her husband's work "Comfortings" at our headquarters, and it was voted that the letter be reported to the Sunday School Society.

Adjourned. A. W. GOULD, Secretary.

Iowa City, Ia.

Rev. C. E. Perkins announces a series of Sunday evening lectures on "World Helpers of Modern Times," taking the following individuals: Jean Frederic Oberlin, Benjamin Franklin, John Wesley, John Howard, Tyndall and Huxley, William Ellery Channing, Samuel G. Howe, Frederick W. Robertson and Horace Bushnell, Edward Everett Hale. The Iowa City *Republican* also reports a very successful Mother Goose Carnival which was held recently by the Unitarian Society and which was graced by some happy lines written by Mr. Perkins and discriptive of the different characters.

Sterling, Ill.

A terrible accident happened last week to Rev. Seward Baker, the minister of the Peoples Church in this city. He was run over by the cars and lost both his feet. We understand that he is bearing up bravely under the shock and we are sure that all the readers of THE NEW UNITY, who have come to know the faithful and fruitful work Mr. Baker was doing, will extend to him and to his wife their warmest sympathy.

Winona, Minn.

The ordination and installation of Rev. Joseph Cady Allen at this city was postponed to December 16. Rev. F. C. Davis, the former pastor of the church gave the charge and the right hand of fellowship and Rev. T. C. Forbush gave the sermon and ordaining prayer. The Installation address was by Mr. W. C. Brown, member of the board of trustees of the church.

Freeport, Ill.

There was a fine audience at the Liberal Church last Sunday evening. The music was excellent as usual, and Rev. A. N. Alcott spoke on "Building a Soul." The Sunday School has increased in number to forty-two pupils and is very promising. On Thursday evening there will be a Christmas Social at the hall, for Sunday School scholars and all others. Refreshments will be served. The Sunday-school is very fortunate in being in the charge of Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Bates.

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

Contributions From Sunday Schools.

The first school to send in its contribution has generally been the school at Rochester, N. Y., but this year that school stands second on the list. The Sunday School of the Ethical Culture Society of Chicago, which sent us five dollars November 29th and the Rochester school's gift of fifteen dollars came two weeks later, December 13th. Both of these gifts we doubly welcome in reaching us so early in the year. We hope the other schools will follow these good examples.

As Others See Us.

The readers of our Sunday School Department may be interested in reading what others say of our publications and so we clip the two following notices from recent papers, one in Boston and the other in Chicago.

The Western Sunday School Society is publishing for the winter's course a series of lessons by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "The Flowering of Christianity." This is the completion of the Six Years' Course. Mr. Gannett's work is always most suggestive and helpful. His essay at Washington was one of the conspicuous features, and the heart of it was the masterly way in which he interpreted and harmonized different elements. This quality of an interpreter and a reconciler is carried out into his lessons. Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Sunday School Society, is also furnishing a course called "Nature Studies," consisting of a four-page leaflet, illustrated and quite attractive. Their chief use for most of our Sunday-schools would be as a supplementary aid to some more strictly religious line of subjects, illustrating and enforcing the ideas. These lessons are written in Mr. Gould's well known clear and sympathetic style.—From the *Christian Register*, Boston.

The Unitarian Publishing Company issue a set of leaflets which are without precedent in Sunday-school literature. Recognizing the truth that love is the foundation of religion, these leaflets are prepared with the purpose of presenting to the child-mind the Master touch in all nature, and are called Nature Studies. They are systematically arranged, and beginning with the human baby trace the care which the great mother-love expends in cradling and tending every baby, even to the tiniest of nature's children. The illustrations used are of a very high order, most of them copies of famous paintings, and the pictures form an important part of the lesson leaves. Could these leaves be introduced into every Sunday-school in the land, which is endeavoring to teach little children of the divine love and wisdom, with the aid of a careful teacher they would transform the Sunday class into a genuine school of religion.—From the *Kindergarten Magazine*, Chicago.

Notice.

If the subscribers to the NEW UNITY, who are sending the paper to me, will give their address in full on the first page of the next paper they send, it will be a help to my post-office work. I could use a score more copies of this paper to good advantage. It is most excellent and helpful. If you are tempted

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We understand that this society is making a new start and planning to reach the young people more widely than in the past, and become to some extent a Young People's Religious Society. It has issued the following as its Autumn Program, which may be helpful to other societies trying to do similar work.

Subject: American History.

Oct. 8.—1. The Indian of History and the Indian of Poetry and Fiction. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Social and Domestic Life in the Colonies. 4. Violin Solo. 5. Current Events.

Oct. 22.—1. LaSalle, the Would-be King of the Mississippi Valley. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Why We are an English and Not a French People. 4. Piano Solo. 5. A Townsman Abroad.

Nov. 5.—1. Differing Motives in the Settlement of the Colonies and Their After Effects. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Antiquity of Man in America. 4. Piano Solo. 5. Book Review.

Nov. 19.—1. Religious Controversies and Excesses: Witches, Quakers. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Quaint and Curious Books of the Colonial Days. 4. Piano Solo. 5. Club Chronicle.

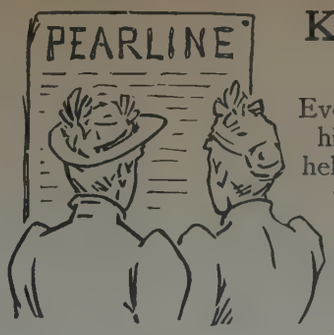
Dec. 3.—1. The Main Causes Leading to Independence. 2. Music. 3. The Difference to the World if America had Remained an English Dependency. 4. Violin Solo. 5. Current Events.

Dec. 17.—1. Critical Battles of the Revolution. 2. Music. 3. Sketches of Revolutionary Generals. 4. Music. 5. Club Chronicle.

The Young Peoples' Guild.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

A little over two years ago, when our church was trying once again to move forward, and all earnest members were looking about to see what could be done, it occurred to one who was much interested, that the pith of the vitality of the church rested in the strength of the young people, so, being of a practical turn of mind, another member was conferred with and it was at once decided to act. An invitation was extended "to all young people interested in the growth of liberal religion," to meet for consultation, and the starting point for the Guild was made. But this Guild was mentally bound together, there being no constitution, no by-laws, no officers, no committee, this was an experiment, and it can readily be seen, that without center or circumference our circle could not be described, so during the winter the partial failure was discussed, the causes sought and happily found, a simple pledge as significant of membership drawn up, officers elected, work laid out for the remainder of the year and the Young Peoples' Guild of the Unitarian Church had an actual existence, and when we closed our first year's labors, *we* were fully convinced that we represented something, and that after the summer's rest we should renew our efforts with redoubled vigor. Like other societies our second year seemed to come from development and experience of the eight months previous; having concluded the business of electing officers, president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, we arranged a study for the entire year which consisted of papers, talks and discussions on Emerson, and received most



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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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valuable assistance in the program from the senior members of the church and others. After each evening's literary entertainment short social gatherings were held, and once a month assemblies given, matronized by ladies of the church. We were thoroughly in earnest and could see in all we undertook *some* good gained. Again in the autumn of eighteen ninety-five we assembled in the parlors of the church to enter into both the serious and social phases of the work and extend our help and influence to still further limits. Re-electing officers of the past year with the exception of the vice-president we added new departments of usefulness, consisting of a Flower Mission, Circulating Library of Magazines and Lectures, a Dramatic Club being included. For our literary work we have arranged biographical studies of Channing, Parker, Star King, Helen Hunt Jackson, Charles Sumner, Charlotte Cushman and Henry Ward Beecher. We feel that by a study of leading liberal minds—and so being in touch with them—we are learning from example the usefulness of liberalism, and in this way are laying good foundations for the best type of womanhood and manhood. With our Guild we hope to utilize the unused material and by guiding it aright, develop it into the brain and sinew of the church. In addition we desire to carry out any charitable work that may be within our reach realizing always that our first duty is to help bear the burdens of the church. Before closing we must add that we wish the minister and church to feel that in the Guild, are resources as yet but little used in the strength, elasticity and hopefulness of the young men and women.—*The Ideal Church*, published by the Guild of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis.

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The Study Table

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Miscellanea.

Power of Suggestion.

Good teaching is largely a matter of selection and emphasis. It is possible for a teacher so to treat the story of David and Goliath that the pupils will be fired, not to true heroism, but to doing injury to windows, cats, dogs, and perhaps their fellows, with slings, or even with steel blades. A very strong and emphatic presentation of David's heroic spirit, by the teacher, will be needed, if that spirit is to remain in the mind and character superior to mere adroitness and triumph in contest. It is a law of the human mind that one who sees another's action is pretty sure to think of himself as so acting. We act largely on impulses originating in suggestions received from without' The publication of details of crime increases crime, because of this potency of the law of suggestion. Says Professor Ritchie, "The idea of one's self as acting in a certain way becomes a new factor in the mind; it may attract desires and feelings round it, and so become a new motive determining conduct. A man may be turned from idle and evil courses by the image of himself as a good man and useful citizen, provided, of course, this image of himself as acting rightly is not merely a piece of day-dreaming, but an ideal that stimulates effort." It is not too much to suppose that many a boy will get into trouble as a consequence of having his effort stimulated by David's sling and sword rather than by his heroic and devout spirit. Life or death lies in the teacher's emphasis. —*Sunday School Times.*

The Prizeof Rome.

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Twenty or thirty of the most promising sketches are selected, and the young men thus chosen are notified. These lads then make drawings in charcoal of the subject. Another selection is made, and those chosen then make paintings. This time ten canvases are selected, and their authors go, as they say in French, *en loge*, which means that each man of the ten enters a small studio, where are an easel and materials for work, and he is allowed such models as are necessary to complete his picture. His first sketch of the subject given out is handed to him, and from this he must make a painting about three feet by four in size. He is not allowed to make any material changes in his composition, but must keep very closely to his original design. Outside his door sits an employee of the school, known as a "guardian," whose business it is to see that the student receives no help; nor may he leave the building, save under charge of this sentinel, who is watchful and keen and not to be trifled with. Three weeks are allowed in which to complete the work. Then the ten canvases are placed in frames. The works are the same size every year, and the old frames do duty over and over again.

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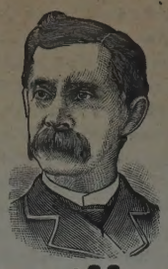

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The Jewish Idea of Temperance.

Among the most interesting of the pulpit addresses recently delivered on the temperance question was that by Rabbi Hess, of one of the Jewish synagogues in this city, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* in an editorial. He takes a view of the question quite different from that of his neighbors of the Christian faith. His idea is that the best safeguard against intemperance is a family training in self-restraint, not in the form of an ascetic abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants, but in their temperate and moderate use, and he appeals to the universal experience of the Jews in proof of the efficacy of this regimen. Drunkenness is almost unknown among the people of Israel. It is regarded by them as an indecency and with general abhorrence. He attributes the absence of intemperance among the Jews to the family training in self-control which is a part of the Jewish religion. Their Bible, their religion nowhere, neither Moses nor the prophets, nor the later sages, prohibited the enjoymnnt of strong drink. On the contrary, "the Mosaic law exempts the cultivator of a vineyard from military service." The abstemious Nazarite was "required to bring a sin-offering as an atonement for his crime in abjuring the benefit of God's precious gift." But intemperance and excess are censured. The drunkard and glutton are condemned by the Book of Books to be stoned to death. Upon this platform the Jew has been trained in all the ages. Hence such a spectacle as a drunken Jew is extremely rare. If he cannot be reclaimed he is renounced as an outcast.

There is a good deal of sound philosophy in the Jewish practice. It is based on the cardinal principle of all healthy moral development, the freedom of the will, the moral strength that comes from its exercise in self-control—in resistance to temptation. The *Pioneer Press* has often opposed the same doctrine to the principle of compulsory abstinence or statutory prohibition. But, however harmless the moderate indulgence of strong drinks may prove to have been with the Jewish race under the Jewish religion and training, it is doubtful whether, under the conditions of modern society, it would be a safe regimen to inculcate for general adoption. The voluntary total abstinence recommended by St. Paul lest he make his brother offend would appear to be the better rule of Christian conduct. But its entire virtue is in being entirely voluntary. Build up the manhood of boy and man. That is a safer bulwark against intemperance than all the prohibitive laws that were ever enacted.

AMONG the unique exhibits at the Atlanta Exposition is a collection which is in itself a miniature biblical museum. The Smithsonian Institute has prepared this exhibit, and Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Institution, writes in *The Sunday School Times* of December 7, an article which gives one a clear idea of the varied and instructive features of the collection. The geography and natural history of the Bible, its plant life, its animal life, and its archeology, are all represented. For the

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many who will not have an opportunity of visiting the Exposition, Dr. Adler's article offers an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life and conditions of ancient Palestine.

Who Has the Largest Bible?

The New York *Evening Telegram* puts the above query, and then proceeds to state that that of the Buddhists is in 325 volumes and weighs 1,625 pounds.

These sacred books are perfectly appalling in their bulk. They are called the Tripitaka, the Three Baskets, and were originally written in Pali, a vernacular form of Sanskrit. They have been translated into many languages, such as Chinese, Thibetan and Mandshu. They have also been written and published in various alphabets, not only in Devauagarie, but in Singhalese, Burmese and Siamese letters.

The copy in nineteen volumes lately presented to the University of Oxford by the King of Siam contains the Pali text written in Siamese letters, but the language is always the same; it is the Pali or vulgar tongue, as it was supposed to have been spoken by Buddha himself about 500 B. C. After having been preserved for centuries by oral tradition, it was reduced for the first time to writing under King Vattagamani, in 88-76 B. C., the time when the truly literary period of India may be said to begin. But besides this Pali Canon there is another in Sanskrit, and there are books in the Sanskrit Canon which are not to be found in the Pali Canon, and vice versa.

According to a tradition current among the Southern as well as the Northern Buddhists, the original Canon consisted of 84 000 books, 82,000 being ascribed to Buddha himself and 2,000 to his disciples, writes Max Muller in the Nineteenth Century. Book, however, seems to have meant here no more than treatise or topic.

But, as a matter of fact, the Pali Canon consists, according to the Rev. R. Spence Hardy, of 275,250 stanzas, and its commentary of 361,550 stanzas, each stanza reckoned at thirty-two syllables. This would give us 8,802,000 syllables for the text and 11,569,600 syllables for the commentary. This is, of course, an enormous amount: the question is only whether the Rev. Spence Hardy and his assistants, who are responsible for these statements, counted rightly. Prof. Rhys Davis, by taking the average of words in ten leaves, arrives at much smaller sums, namely, at 1,752,800 words for the Pali Canon, which in an English translation, as he says, would amount to about twice that number, or 3,505,600 words. Even this would be ample for a Bible; it would make the Buddhist Bible nearly five times as large as our own; but it seems to me that Spence Hardy's account is more likely to be correct. Professor Rhys Davis, by adopting the same plan of reckoning, brings the number of words in the Bible to about 900,000. We found it given as 773,692. But who shall decide?

What the bulk of such a work would be we may gather from what we know of the bulk of the translations. There is a complete copy of the Chinese translation at the India Office, in London, also in the Bodleian, and a catalogue of it, made by a Japanese pupil of mine, the Rev. Bunyiu Nanjio, brings the number of separate works in it to 1,632. The Thibetan translation, which dates from the eighth century, consists of two collections, commonly called the Kanjur and Tanjur.

The Kanjur consists of 100 volumes in folio, the Tanjur of 225 volumes, each volume weighing four or five pounds. This collection, published by command of the Emperor of China, sells for £630. A copy of it is found at the India Office. The Buriates, a Mongolian tribe converted to Buddhism, bartered 7,000 oxen for one copy of the Kanjur, and the same tribe paid 12,000 silver rubles for a complete copy of both Kanjur and Tanjur. What must it be to believe in 325 volumes, each weighing five pounds—nay, even to read through such a Bible!

Let Him Alone.

Why should anybody concern himself particularly about Ahlwardt? A multitude of cheap, empty men and women are constantly trotting around this country lecturing on one queer thing or another that no one has any particular interest in. Why pick out Ahlwardt from the rest of the windy peripatetic pack as a mark for especial consideration? The only reason, apparently, is that he comes from a foreign country, where he gained a little passing notoriety by excelling in bigotry and blackguardism, and that the subject of his lectures is at once more stupid and more daring than the generality of subjects taken by the host of lecturers.

Ahlwardt doesn't like Jews. Perhaps he doesn't like wienerwurst. We should scarcely take him seriously if he came all the way from Germany to tell us about that; yet the one fact is quite as important as the other, each being merely a question of Ahlwardt's particular taste. If he were left to himself his experience would not be dissimilar to that of scores of other queer lecturers. He would attract meager audiences of deadheads and idle curiosity-seekers, with here and there an unfortunate person who agreed with him in a prejudice against the Jews. Whether these scant audiences accorded him the meed of their applause or the addled eggs of their disapprobation would be a matter of indifference to the public.

If a German of the most mediocre ability, not recommended by an unusual degree of wit or learning or eloquence, of dubious repute in his own land, should come over here and tell us that all our troubles are attributable to red-headed people, his going and coming would be quite unnoticed—unless, unfortunately, the mistake were made of treating him as though he constituted a serious menace to our peace; of getting hysterical about them.—Editorial in Chicago *Record.*

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